

FELICITY.

A squalid, hideous town, where streams run black
With vomit of a hundred roaring mills,
Hither-occasional callings, and even here,
All in the same rank that, recently
Defames the sunlight and deflowers the morn.
One may at least surmise the sky still blue,
E'en here the myriad slaves of the machine
Deem life a boon; and here, in days far sped,
I overheard a kind-eyed girl relate
To her companions, how a favoring chance
By some few shillings weekly had increased
The earnings of her household, and she said,
"So now we are happy, having all we wished."
Felicity, indeed! though more it lay
In wanting little than in winning all.

Felicity, indeed! Across the years
To me her tones come back rebuking me,
Spreeder of talk to snare the wandering joy
No guile may capture and no force surprise:
Only by them that never wooed her, won.

Oh, curst with wide desires and spacious
dreams,
Too cunningly do ye accumulate
Appliances and means of happiness,
E'er to be happy! Lushness hies ye make
Elaborate preparation to receive
A shy and simple guest, who, warned of all
The ceremony and circumstance wherewith
Ye mean to entertain her, will not come.
—William Watson in London Spectator.

DISCIPLINE.

During the winter of 1864 it was my
fortune to be president of one of the
court martials of the Army of Northern
Virginia. One bleak December morn-
ing, while the snow covered the ground
and the winds howled around our camp,
I left my bivouac fire to attend the ses-
sion of the court. Winding for miles
along uncertain paths I at length ar-
rived at the court ground at Round Oak
Church.

Day after day it had been our duty to
try the gallant soldiers of that army,
charged with violations of military law.
But never had I on any previous occa-
sion been greeted with such anxious
spectators as on that morning awaited
the opening of the court. Case after
case was disposed of, and at length the
case of "The Confederate States versus
Edward Cooper" was called—the charge,
desertion. A low murmur rose spon-
taneously from the battle-scarred spec-
tators as a young artilleryman rose from
the prisoner's bench and, in response to
the question "Guilty, or not guilty?" an-
swered, "Not guilty."

The judge advocate was proceeding to
open the prosecution, when the court,
observing that the prisoner was unat-
tended by counsel, interposed and said
to the accused:

"Who is your counsel?"
"I have no counsel," he replied.
Supposing that it was his intention to
represent himself before the court, the
judge advocate was directed to proceed.
Every charge and specification against
the prisoner was sustained. The prison-
er was then told to introduce his wit-
nesses.

"I have no witnesses," he replied.
Astounded at the calmness with
which he seemed to be submitting to
what he regarded as inevitable fate, I
said to him:

"Have you no defense? Is it possible
you abandoned your comrades and de-
serted your colors in the presence of an
enemy without any reason?"

"There was a reason, but it will not
avail me before a military court."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," I replied.
"You are charged with the highest crime
known to military law, and it is your
duty to make known the cause that in-
fluenced your actions."

For the first time his manly form
trembled and his blue eyes swam in
tears. Approaching the president of the
court he presented a letter, saying as he
did so:

"There, general, is what did it."

I opened the letter, and in a moment
my eyes were filled with tears. It was
passed from one to another of the court
until all had seen it, and those stern
warriors, who had passed with Stone-
wall Jackson through a hundred battles,
wept like little children. As soon as I
had recovered my self-possession I read
the letter as the defense of the prisoner.
It was in these words:

MY DEAR EDWARD—I have always been
proud of you, and since your connection with
the Confederate army I have been prouder of
you than ever before. I would not have you
do anything wrong for the world; but, before
God, dear Edward, unless you come home we
must die. Last night I was aroused by little
Edgar's crying. I called out and said, "What
is the matter, Edgar?" and he said, "Oh, mam-
ma, I'm so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your
darling Lucy, she never complains, but she's
growing thinner and thinner every day. And,
before God, my dear Edward, unless you come
home we must die of starvation.

YOUR MARY.

After reading the letter I turned to
the prisoner and said:

"What did you do when you received
this letter? Did you apply for a leave
of absence to the proper officers?"

"I made application for a furlough
and it was rejected; again I made an
application and it was rejected; a third
time I made application and they re-
fused to grant it. That night as I wan-
dered backward and forward in the
camp thinking of my home, with the
mild eyes of Lucy looking toward me
and the burning words of Mary sinking
deep into my brain, I was no longer the
Confederate soldier, but I was the father
of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I
would have passed those lines if every
gun in the battery had fired upon me. I
went to my home. Mary embraced me
and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward, I am so happy! I am
so glad you got your furlough!"

"She must have felt me shudder, for
she turned as pale as death, and then,
catching her breath at every word, she
said:

"Have you come without your fur-
lough? Oh, Edward, Edward, go back!
Go back! Let me and my children go
down together to the grave, but, oh, for
heaven's sake, save the honor of your
name!"

"I at once returned, and here I am,
gentlemen, not brought here by military
power, but in obedience to the command
of Mary, to abide the sentence of your
court."

Every soldier of that court martial
felt the force of the prisoner's words.
Before them stood in beatific vision the
eloquent pleader for a husband's and a

father's wrongs, but they had been
trained by their great leader, Robert E.
Lee, to tread the path of duty though
the lightning's flash scorched the ground
beneath their feet, and each in turn pro-
nounced the verdict—guilty.

But fortunately for humanity, fortu-
nately for the Confederacy, the proceed-
ings of the court were reviewed by the
commanding general, and upon the rec-
ord was written:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN
VIRGINIA.

The finding of the court is approved. The
prisoner, Edward Cooper, is pardoned, and
will report to his company for duty.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Har-
bor, while shot and shell were falling
"like torrents from the mountain cloud,"
my attention was directed to the fact
that one of our batteries was being
silenced by the concentrated fire of the
Union forces.

When I reached the battery every gun
but one had been dismantled, and by it
stood a solitary Confederate soldier,
with the blood streaming from his side.
As he recognized me he elevated his
voice above the roar of the battle and
said:

"General, I have one shell left. Tell
me, have I saved the honor of Mary and
Lucy?"

I raised my hat. Once more a Con-
federate shell went crashing through the
Federal ranks, and the hero sank by his
gun to rise no more.—General Cullen A.
Battle in Drake's Magazine.

Duties of Our Coast Police.

In addition to feeding the hungry,
saving the imperiled and guiding the
lost, it is also the revenue cutter's duty
to suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling,
enforce the neutrality laws and the
quarantine regulations, protect mer-
chant vessels from piratical attacks,
protect wrecked property and guard
the timber reserves of the United
States against depredations. The con-
stant and frequent inspection of the
vast fleet of merchant vessels that
trades along our coast forms a very im-
portant duty of the service, and one
which, if not performed, would be fol-
lowed by a very general neglect of the
customs and navigation laws.

Even with the rigid and constant in-
spections, from 1,000 to 2,000 violations
are detected each year and reported to
the proper authorities. It is not alone
in the examination of the ship's docu-
ments and the ascertaining that she has
no smuggled articles on board, that she
is engaged in the trade for which she is
licensed, that her marine documents are
in force, that her regularly authorized
captain is in command, etc., that the
importance of the boarding duty is most
strikingly shown.—Scribner's.

Motions in a Court of Justice.

A rather crude, citizen of Seguin,
a small town in western Texas, was
elected justice of the peace, and the
only law book he had was Cushing's
Manual. The first case before him was
that of a cowboy for stealing a steer.
When the case was called the leading
lawyer of the town, the Hon. John Ire-
land by name, was there to defend the
prisoner.

"As there is no counsel for the other
side," he said, "I make make a motion
that the case be dismissed."

"The justice looked over his Manual.
"A motion has to be seconded," he said.
"I second the motion," promptly re-
sponded the prisoner.

"The motion has been seconded that
the case be dismissed," said the court.
"All in favor will please say 'aye.'" The
prisoner and his attorney voted "aye."
"All opposed will say 'no.'" Nobody
voted.

"The motion is carried, and the case
is dismissed," repeated the court. "A
motion to adjourn is now in order."

The prisoner made the motion, and
the court adjourned.—Lancaster Law
Review.

A Good Idea.

"When my children were little," said
a rather original mother, whose meth-
ods, although somewhat eccentric, were
in the main excellent, "I taught them
what we called an 'emergency catechism,'
to which they would answer as glibly as
possible, standing in a row and saying
it together to the great amuse-
ment of those who heard them. Here
are some of the questions, and the an-
swers you can easily supply for yourself:
"What would you do if you were lost in
New York? "What would you do in
case of fire? "In case of being in a run-
away? "In case of floating off in a boat?
"In case of drowning, if any one tried to
save you? and a number of other ques-
tions of the same nature."

"Did they ever have cause to apply
them?" said one amused listener. "Only
once," was the answer, "and that was
when a pair of ponies that I was driving
ran away. The little dears sat perfectly
still just as they had been told, but it
might have been sheer fright after all."
—New York Tribune.

Hunting Bears in Maine.

"Charles Smith, the Jackson bear
hunter," said a trapper, "followed a
track through the snow some winters
ago and finally it disappeared in a ledge.
He was bound not to give it up that
way, so he made him a torch, and tak-
ing it in one hand and his single shot
rifle in the other he entered the den. He
wasn't long in spotting a pair of eyes in
advance of him and he fired. Retreat-
ing until he was satisfied the bear must
be dead he again entered, but there the
eyes were, apparently as before. Again
he fired, and when he next entered the
cave he found he had killed two bears
and both big ones."—Lewiston Journal.

A Woman's Revenge.

Husband—Mercy on us! Where did
you get this set of Royal Worcester
china?

Wife (calmly)—I bought it.
Husband—Bought it? Great snakes!
Why did you buy such ruinously expen-
sive ware?

Wife (with suppressed emotion)—I had
to buy it to match that wicked scutellar
you got at Joblett's for ten cents and
gave me for a present.—New York
Weekly.

TWO INTERESTING DIPLOMATS.

Both of Spanish Race, Recently from
Morocco, and Popular in Washington.
Washington gossips remark with sur-
prise that the two most interesting dip-
lomats to arrive in the United States re-
cently are just from the court of the
emperor of Morocco. Both are of Span-
ish race, but one represents Spain and
the other Salvador; and, owing to re-
ciprocity and other recent events, the
relations of both countries with the
United States have become very im-
portant.



CAMPILLO.

Senor Campillo is commissioned to
procure American antiquities for the
historical exhibition at Madrid and is
secretary of the Spanish legation. He
was born at Cadiz, and educated at the
University of Madrid, became a diplo-
mat at an early age, and has received
several decorations of honor. His first
service was at Constantinople, and he
proved so acceptable to the Turks that
the sultan decorated him with the Order
of Medjidie of Turkey. He went thence
in turn to Sweden and Denmark, receiv-
ing the Swedish star and the Danish
Danbreg as special honors.

After some years at Madrid in the for-
eign office he was employed to negotiate
a treaty of commerce with France and
later one with Italy, receiving decorations
in both cases. Lastly, he was sent
in charge of a present from the queen of
Spain to the sultan of Morocco, after
which he remained three years at Tan-
gier as secretary of the French legation.
He is accounted one of the best in-
formed men in Europe on Africa and his
writings on this subject are quoted as
authority.

Dr. Manuel I. Morales is the minister
from Salvador (omit the prefix San if
the country at large is meant), who re-
cently negotiated the important reci-
procity treaty with Secretary Blaine. It
is a surprise to most people to learn how
important a member of the family of
nations Salvador is, being more densely
populated than any other Spanish Amer-
ican country, and ranking diplomati-
cally next to Belgium. Dr. Morales be-
gan his career as a lawyer, but soon dis-
tinguished himself by leading the move-
ment against Dictator Barrios, of Gua-
temala, who invaded Salvador in 1885
and was killed. He became in turn and
rapidly governor of a department, judge
of the supreme court, attorney general
and secretary of state.

In 1890 came another invasion from
Guatemala, and Dr. Morales was sent
as minister plenipotentiary to Costa
Rica, and in 1891 he managed negotia-
tions which ended the trouble with
Guatemala. He was selected for Wash-
ington because he is the most popular
man in Salvador and probably the most
influential, next to the president, and
because of his familiarity with the
finances, resources and trade of his
country. Several lines of steamers are



MORALES.

now running between Salvador and San
Francisco, and the commercial relations
of the two countries are growing in im-
portance.

It is thought a remarkable evidence of
talent that, although Dr. Morales knew
no English on his arrival in Washing-
ton, he had in two months gained knowl-
edge of the language sufficient for all
ordinary purposes.

Undaunted by Age and Ill Luck.

A California exploring party that had
pushed its way last summer far past trails
or other signs of human habitation sud-
denly came upon a miner's cabin. They
were the first people the old fellow had
seen for months, and he gave his joy
vociferous expression. He was nearly
eighty years old and had been living on
his mining claim over fifteen years. He
was absolutely sure there was money in
it and that he would get it out. He
talked with as much spirit and hope
about what he was going to do with his
mine and his money as if he had been but
half his age.

Secretary of War Elkins.

Secretary Elkins is very quick and
vicious, but thorough. He has a rare
art of pinning a caller right down
to the facts and to the meat of the propo-
sition under discussion. Not a word or
a second is wasted and everything is
finished up as it comes along. For in-
stance, if a letter must be written in re-
sponse to the request of one of the call-
ers, Elkins calls for his stenographer and
dictates the letter before the visitor has
concluded his talk.



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